Vpon his partie for the gaine thereof,
And thereupon he ſends you this good newes,
That this ſame very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the Queen muſt die at Pomfret.
Haſt. Indeed *I* am no mourner for this newes,
Becauſe they haue beene ſtill mine enemies.
But that *I*'le giue my voice on Richards ſide,
To barre my maiſters heires in true diſcent,
God knowes I will not do it to the death.
Cat. God keepe your Lordſhip in that gracious minde.
Haſt. But I ſhall laugh at this a twelue-month hence,
That they who brought me in my *Maiſters* hate,
I liue to looke vpon their *T*ragedie:
I tell thee Catesby. *Cat.* What my Lord?
Haſt. Ere a fortnight make me elder,
I'le ſend ſome packing that yet thinke not on it.
Cat. *T*is a vile thing to die my gracious Lord,
When men are vnprepard and looke not for it.
Haſt. O monſtrous, monſtrous, and ſo fals it out
With Riuers, Vaughan, Gray: and ſo twill doo
With ſome men elſe, who thinke themſelues as ſafe
As thou, and *I*, who as thou knowſt are deare
*T*o princely Richard, and to *B*uckingham.
Cat. *T*he Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his head vpon the bridge.
Haſt. *I* know they do, and *I* haue well deſerued it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

What my L. where is your *B*oare-ſpeare man?
*F*eare you the Boare and goe ſo vnprouided?
Stan. My L. good morrow: good morrow Catesby:
You may ieſt on, by the holy roode,
I do not like theſe ſeuerall councels *I*.
Haſt. My L. *I* hold my life as deare as you do yours,
And neuer in my life I do proteſt,
Was it more precious to me then it is now:
Thinke you but that *I* know our ſtate ſecure,
I would be ſo triumphant as *I* am?
Sta. *T*he Lords at Pomfret when they rode from London
Were iocund, and ſuppoſde their ſtates was ſure,

And indeed had no cauſe to miſtruſt:
But yet you ſee how ſoone the day orecaſt,
*T*his ſudden ſcab of rancor *I* miſdoubt,
*P*ray God, I proue a needleſſe coward,
But come my *L.* ſhall we to the *T*ower?
Ha. I go: but ſtay: heare you not the newes?
*T*his day thoſe men you talke of, are beheaded.
Sta. They for their truth might better weare their heads,
*T*hen ſome that haue accuſde them weare their hat:
*B*ut come my *L.* let vs away. *Exit L. Standley, & Cat.*
Ha. Go you before, *I*'le follow preſently.

Enter Haſtings a Purſiuant.

Haſt. *W*ell met Haſtings, how goes the world with thee?
Pur. *T*he better that it pleaſe your good *L*ordſhip to aske.
Haſt. *I* tell thee fellow, tis better with me now,
*T*hen when *I* met thee laſt where now we meete:
*T*hen was I going priſoner to the *T*ower,
*B*y the ſuggeſtion of the Queenes allies:
*B*ut now I tell thee (keepe it to thy ſelfe)
This day thoſe enemies are put to death,
And *I* in better ſtate then euer *I* was.
Pur. God hold it to your Honours good content.
Haſt. *G*ramercy Haſtings, hold ſpend thou that.

He giues him his purſe.

Pur. God ſaue your *L*ordſhip. *Exit.* *Pur. Enter a Prieſt.*
Haſt. *W*hat ſir *I*ohn, you are well met,
I am beholding to you, for your laſt dayes execiſe:
Come the next *S*abboth, and *I* will content you. *He whiſ-*

Enter Buckingham. *(pers in his eare.*

Buc. How now *L*ord Camberlaine, what talking with a
Your friends at Pomfret they do need the Prieſt: (Prieſt:
Your *H*onour hath no ſhriuing worke in hand.
Haſt. Good faith and when I met this holy man,
*T*hoſe men you talke of, came into my minde:
*W*hat, go you to the *T*ower my *L*ord?
Buc. I do, but long I ſhall not ſtay,
I ſhall returne before your *L*ordſhip thence.
Haſt. *T*is like enough, for *I* ſtay dinner there,
Buc. And ſupper too, although thou knowſt it not:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22317) LONDON, 1605 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.49) Octavo